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THE
F A C T I O N :

A
P O E M

ON THE
New *Jacobite* and *Swedish* Conspiracy.



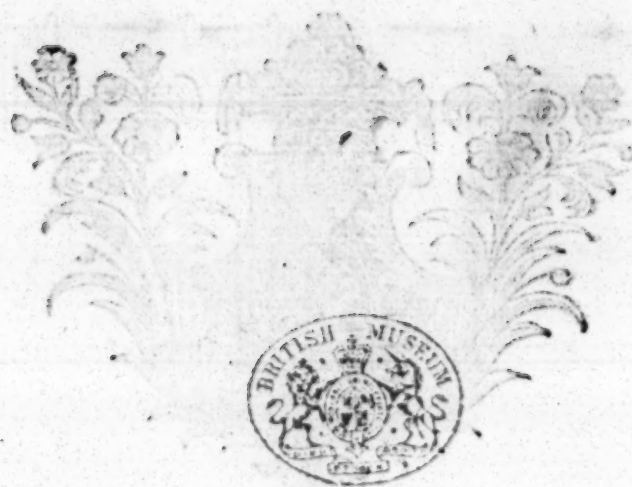
L O N D O N ;

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M.DCC.XVII. (Price Three-Pence)

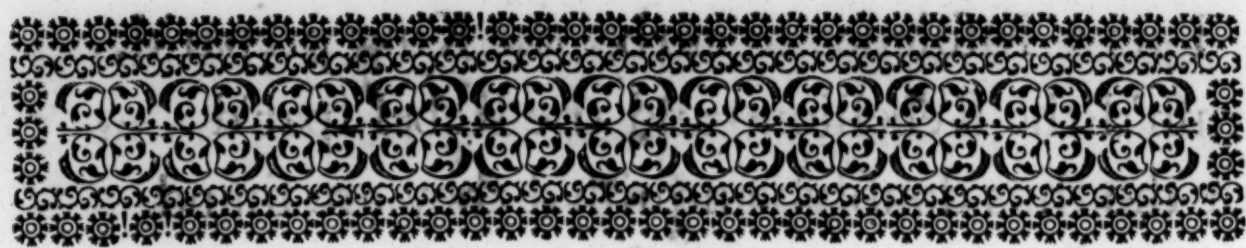
THE
FACSIMILE

A
POEM

ON THE
New Jacobite and Swedish Conspiracy.



LONDON
Printed for S. P. ...
...
M.DCC.LVII.



T H E
F A C T I O N :
A
P O E M.

DESPAIR, when sprung from great and
just Disgrace,
In Malice rivals Hell's Apostate Race :
Thus spirited, a bold inglorious Band
Conspir'd to sow Sedition thro the Land ;
Stamping, uncautious Subjects to disjoin,
Their own foul Image on the Royal Line ;
And rather chose to sink Themselves, and all
The Publick Rights, than not revenge their Fall.
False, they pretend to succour injur'd Right,
And prop th' endanger'd Church with all their Might ;
When those, who know them best, can justly say,
Had this vile Faction been allow'd to sway,
Firm as a Rock they would have deem'd the Church,
And left the poor Impostor in the Lurch.

T H I S

THIS Infolence to curb, the King prepar'd,
Crush'd the Rebellion, and the Rebel spar'd:
But tho thus doubly vanquish'd they are found,
Fetter'd by Arms, by Clemency unbound,
The hardned Faction, to their Nature true,
Dare still their impious Calumnies renew,
And in despite of Mercy past, devise
To cheat th' unwary Crowd with basest Lyes:
Painting the *Wise*, the *Graceful*, and the *Good*,
As weak, unpolish'd, and regal'd with Blood.

SHAME on their hated Colours! I have seen
The *Beauteous Life*—Unfully'd and Serene
'Midst all the Efforts of Malignant Spleen.
Engaging *Princes*! how, would All be blest'd,
Did All but know the Benefits possess'd!

How long will this Delusion last, and Arts
So vile and low, seduce unguarded Hearts!
O! were the Beauties of your Form and Mind
Less veil'd, and more refulgent to Mankind,
How would the Object erring Rage disarm,
And Difaffection into Duty charm?
With what Disdain and Trouble would they view
Themselves, with what transporting Pleasure, *You*!
Condemning both Deceivers and Deceiv'd,
And envying Those, who, without Sight, believ'd!

INDULGENT

INDULGENT MONARCH! Generous You profess,
 “ Your only View is *Britain's* Happiness;
 “ Whose firm Foundation, You convince us, lies
 “ In our Religion, and our Liberties.
 “ Inestimable Blessings, which alone
 “ Make You sit safe and easy in your Throne;
 “ These Blessings are the Things which You require
 “ May be secur'd—and all that You desire.”

DEAR Sounds! and from a Prince so truly known
 To form no Words but what his Actions own.
 Go tell 'em to the *Swede*, and let them try
 If *Britons* will not fight for Liberty;
 And not like them, of Servile Mind, betray
 Their Native Country to a Lawless Sway.
 Tell 'em at *Rome* to her Usurping Priest,
 Tell 'em to the *Pretender*, his New Guest;
 See if our *Ark* will to their *Dagon* yield,
 And Sacred Truth to Falshood quit the Field.

RELIGION then and Liberty's the Word,
 For these will all true *Britons* draw the Sword;
 While *Gyllenborg's* full Bowls his Terror ease,
 And mourns his Citron e'er had cross'd the Seas:
 And Friends stript of their Hundred Thousand Pound,
 With the projecting Baron in the Sound.

In vain Seditious Murmurers implore
 From *Suecia's* false inhospitable Shore
 Inglorious Aid, and hire *Vandalick* Hosts
 To fill with Foreign Troops their Native Coasts :
 In vain they strive with cruel *Northern* Swarms
 To spread the Realm, and aim by *Gothick* Arms
 To drench in *British* Blood the *British* Isle,
 And load th' Invader with her wealthy Spoil.
 Great *GEORGE* shall send from *Albion's* lofty Tow'rs
 His Thunder to destroy th' invited Pow'rs,
 Who dare invade (Stupidity unknown !)
 A potent Realm, yet can't defend their own :
 By heavy Woes not to Submission bow'd,
 Haughty in Hunger, and in Ruin proud.

UNGRATEFUL Tribe ! Your mad Attempts pursue,
 You'll not your Country, but your selves undo ;
 In impotent Revenge with Rage proceed,
 Foment new Falshood, and new Scandal feed ;
 You only make a harmless Malice known,
 We mock your Hisses, now your Stings are gone.



F I N I S.

